

# COLONEL WILLIAM F. CODY TELLS OF HIS LIFE IN THE WEST AS AN ARMY SCOUT.



Describes the Rise and Fall of the Romantic Period of the Plains.

PASSING OF BUFFALO.

Decline of the Cowboy—Cody's Feeling of Shame When Pursuing Indians—The Great Uprising.

COLONEL WILLIAM F. CODY.

## REPUBLIC SPECIAL.

New York, May 4.—Here is the story of the rise and fall of that romantic period in the arid States of the West which gave birth to those border dramas that still remain in the minds of half the civilized world to-day pre-eminent authority on Western life.

The spirit of the American nation, the sentiment and the humor took shape in the far West, and the most insular conservatism of Eastern Massachusetts has felt the sweep of its irresistible charm and courage. The legend of Eden, emblematic as it is of a divine touch that made the lion and the lamb lie down side by side in their harmony of life, has been told again and again, in the crude simplicity, the swift intuition of what was fair and unfair, the almost tender kinship between man and beast, that existed in the wild West three score years ago, from the Rockies to the Missouri, from the Red River of the South to the Red River of the North.

The Indian was the first human expression of the savage melancholy of the West. His pride was as high as the mountains, his silence as stolid as the rocks, his melancholy as deep as the overshadowed canyons, his god the sun, his philosophy a poetry as mysterious as the face of the earth about him.

About 1855 William F. Cody, then a "man" of about ten summers (it didn't take a boy long in those days to cut his eye teeth), settled in the Bad Lands, as they were called, and began the formation of that composite disposition which has made the American character the swiftest human machine mentally and physically in the world. From that time to this beginning of the Twentieth Century "Bill" Cody has been in the thick of all the varied life and troubles of the Far West has been famous the world over.

## ALWAYS FELT ASHAMED OF HUNTING FOR INDIANS.

It is quite likely that "Bill" would have made a fine orator—one of those fellows whose words mean as much when they're in their shirt sleeves, to whom tailors and hairdressers are useless coyotes.

The details of his experience outline the drama of the West, which began with the conflict for existence, and the conquest of

American courage and ingenuity over the all but insurmountable difficulties of nature and climate. I overheard him say to a young woman writer who was leaving the room:

"I tell you what it is, I never scouted with a party of soldiers after Indians that I didn't feel a bit ashamed for myself and a whole heap sorer for them."

I picked him up where she had left him, full of complex feeling between his native Western sense of what was fair and his soldier's sense of allegiance to the Government he had served.

"No scouting for Indians out there any more," said I, while he bit off the point of a cigar with savage emphasis.

"No, sir, scouting in the West is a thing of the past; it's a lost occupation. And he scratched a match, growing more deliberate in his manner, more cool with self-control.

"No buffaloes?"

"They're extinct, too."

"He settled back in his chair."

THE BUFFALO HUNTER AND THE COWBOY.

The buffalo hunter learned his business from the Indian. He learned so quick that the Almighty couldn't make buffaloes as fast as he could kill them, and he lost his occupation, as the buffalo was lost to him.

He began to look around for something else to make a living out of, and he became a bone hunter. He had sold buffalo fur, lived on buffalo meat, so he went back to look for the buffalo bones he had left on the plains, and finding them, he would cart them to the nearest railroad and sell them. There were millions of these bones left in the country by the Indians.

"And when the bones were out?"

"The cowboy came along. He began to take up existence in the arid States soon after the buffalo disappeared. The grass where the buffalo had lived was richer than ever, and the Texas and Mexican cattle owners began to drive their cattle north, over the plains where the buffalo had lived and died."

"The cowboy owed his occupation to the cattle. At first they mostly all were Texans, a fine, free hearted set of rangers, faithful to their work, true to their employers. Then as cattle came in from other States to graze over the plains once known only to the buffalo, the boys came from all over the country, and it was a rolling business they liked."

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This is not mere boasting, but a true fact, as Dr. Lewin has made this disease in all its various forms a thorough study for a great number of years. His method has proven a wonderful success, as he has cured more than 1,500 patients. The treatment will not interfere with the patient's occupation.

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TWENTY	Patterns of very best grade ALL-WOOL INGRAINS, a bargain at 75 cents a yard; Monday.....	55 cents a yard.
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man so sore as to have a guide make a dry camp at night, so that a scout had to be conversant with the country and reach water when nightfall came.

"The resistance of the Indians was a surprise to the organized troops." "It took four years for the United States army to place the Indians back on the reservation, but it would have taken very much longer had it not been for the ingenuity and pluck of General Sheridan, who organized the first winter campaign. Up to that time it was considered that no man could stand the rigor and cold of a winter in the West, so the Indians found time six months out of the year to recuperate from the summer fighting."

"General Sheridan said, 'Where the Indian took command of this largest campaign against the Indians in person. We slept out, with the sky for a roof many a night, rolled up in army blankets. We lost a good many horses, but the men soon got hardened to it, and we kept the Indians hustling day in and day out for three years. We gave the Indians no time to hunt for food, to make his blankets, to eat, sleep or smoke."

FORCING THE INDIANS TWELVE MONTHS A YEAR.

"I was at the battle of Wichita, in '85, with General Custer, and several fights still remained on the warpath, until the chief of scouts of the United States army with General Penrose in the month of October, 1885, who was in command of a division sent to the Canadian River country to operate west of General Sheridan."

"Our division included the Fifth United States Cavalry and the Second, Seventh and Ninth regiments of United States cavalry. We had a hundred and fifty wagons and 200 pack mules. We were on the march until the following May; most of the command had no tents. We lived in 'wheely-ups,' made out of underbrush and bits of canvas. Many mules and horses died of starvation, but not a grumble from a single man. In the spring of 1886 our division returned to Fort Lyon, and General Sheridan was always called 'wheely-ups.' We proved to the Indians that they were to have no peace summer or winter; that last was formed by the passage of a big lake that had finally cut its way through the Big Horn Canon. He went on to tell why there should be in this basin the finest soil in the world; that there must be great mineral deposits there, probably sea gold, because the lake had been salt water. I said to him then that I guess he thought he knew more about that country than I did, and told him he'd better go it alone."

"Well, sir, the old scout hunter was right. Twenty years later a party of prospectors discovered gold, campers had seen the color of it and hurried out there to locate claims."

"Millions of acres of grazing land, the sides of the canyons covered with timber, and the hillsides with wild flowers, granite, sandstone, gypsum. They found they could raise cattle as good as any in Indiana or elsewhere. They had discovered a national park. Why, in my town of Cody, within a few miles, are seven different kinds of natural water geysers, hot, cold, boiling, freezing, any old style you want."

BUILT A TOWN AND NAMED IT CODY.

"So we've built a town called Cody in Wyoming."

"I have, and it's still building. I'll tell you how I came to do such a thing. In 1893 Senator Carey of Wyoming presented a bill asking Congress to grant to the arid States the War of 1812. A noticeable feature of him at that time was the extreme frailty of his physique. His comrades considered it a joke to say that if he got shot or worn out by the marches, his father, a stout Hollander, could pick him up and carry him."

Mr. Cronk delights to tell of the hardships that the American army of those early days experienced. He is a great admirer of General Andrew Jackson, and is proud of the fact that he cast his vote for "old Hickory." General Miles has ever since been a staunch Democrat.

The old man has a rich fund of quaint reminiscences. One of them he thus relates:

"I was present when the excavation of the Erie Canal was begun at Rome, N. Y., on July 4, 1817, and took part in the work. A mischievous boy placed a plank over the canal over which Governor Clinton was to cross, being careful to arrange it so that it would upset when the executive stepped upon it. His scheme was successful, and the Governor was dropped safely into the mud. 'Go back to Albany,' yelled the youth, 'and tell your friends that you've had a bath in good Federal water!'"

In 1828 Mr. Cronk married Mary Thompson. She died in 1885, after a happy wedded life of sixty years. Mr. Cronk is a loyal member of the Military Society of the W. of 1812 of this city, and is its sole surviving original member. The others hold membership by hereditary right.

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1900. Cody covers 640 acres, with a population of 5,000 people in two years."

"You've got an opera-house?"

"Opera-house, city hall, bank and police headquarters—in one building. We are the nearest town west of the Yellowstone Park, only seventy miles from the lake."

Starting life in the West at its most thrilling period, Colonel Cody has seen the buffaloes pass away, the Indian subdued, the cowboy farmed out, the settlers crowding directly back to Adam, establishing with the United States Government in all these years, but the most American thing that this typical American has done is to build a town in the shadow of the canyons and baptize it with his own name. PENNENNIS.

Figures Out the Generations.

Alfred Judson Fisher, the Chicago historian, has woven the highly interesting results of a genealogical investigation into "A Daughter of Adam," a short story which he has written for the Ladies' Home Journal. He traces the heroine of his romance (in real life a well-known Philadelphia woman) directly back to Adam, establishing with corroborative detail every link in the long genealogical chain. He brings to light the

Cured a Running Sore.

"I had a bad running sore on my breast for over a year," says Henry R. Richards of Wileyville, N. Y., "and tried a great many remedies, but got no relief until I used Banner Balm. After using one-half box, I was perfectly cured. I cannot recommend it too highly, and will never be without it in the house."

Those Absurd Dictionaries.

Uncle Jethro: "There ain't no sense in dictionaries, nowhow."

Uncle Jethro: "How do you arrive at that conclusion, Uncle Jethro?"

Uncle Jethro: "They spell 'how' with an 'e' and leave it out when they come to 'horsepital.'"—Boston Transcript.

Can Lessen His Term.

A Detroit street railway magnate has neglected to provide his street cars with a certain safety appliance, and for this neglect is liable to imprisonment for 1,000 years. This seems like quite a period, but, of course, he could cut it down some by good behavior.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

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## OLDEST LIVING VETERAN OF THE WAR OF 1812.

Hiram Cronk of Dunbrook, N. Y., Has Celebrated His 102d Birthday.



HIRAM CRONK.

## REPUBLIC SPECIAL.

Utica, N. Y., May 4.—The oldest living veteran of the War of 1812 celebrated his one hundred and second birthday this week.

The venerable soldier is Hiram Cronk, who lives in Dunbrook, Oneida County, with his daughter, Mrs. B. A. Rowley. The family home is a big old farmhouse that Mr. Cronk built in 1817. He is in excellent health, and walks about without the aid of a cane.

He has excellent eyesight, in spite of the fact—or is it because of the fact—that he reads all night and does his sleeping in the daytime. He cannot sleep when it is dark. In the afternoon he lies down and takes a nap that lasts until sunset.

Mr. Cronk was born in Frankford, Herkimer County, in 1799. He was one of ten children and the only survivor. Five of the dead brothers and sisters lived for more than four score years.

Cronk was 15 years old when he entered the United States Army with his father and two brothers, shortly before the close of the War of 1812. A noticeable feature of him at that time was the extreme frailty of his physique. His comrades considered it a joke to say that if he got shot or worn out by the marches, his father, a stout Hollander, could pick him up and carry him."

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